Sex Tape - New Generation

Unpublished addition specifically for the enlightenment and amusement of the recipient: the 'chick' mentioned above was named Amber Lewis. Oh so long ago, shortly after we first met and I first heard your last name, I remember being very confused until eventually the memory mistake was realized....She sent me four letters while I was in state jail, each accompanied by several nude photographs and two-page long descriptions of what the agony of our separation was forcing her to do with her unoccupied with writing fingers. This was twenty-seven years ago. I have heard from a couple of former inmates that nude photographs are no longer acceptable and thrown away (added to the collection of the hourly wage slave whose private prison job pays one dollar more than McDonald's), to be replaced with a form stating that contraband had been removed from the envelope.

There were two women sending me nude photographs and personalized literary porn. The other one was a professional (paid all her bills plus) phone sex worker whose pages were heavily doused with perfume and pictures were posed, black-and-white (an extra charge for developing at the time), and featured exotic outdoor locations and lingerie removed frame by frame.

By contrast, Amber's reveals were shot at arm's length with a disposable camera in usually unflattering light indoors that tinted her fleshtones a VHS warm. Her pages were also scented, though by the time they arrived not as discernable without knowing to inhale deeply near the bottom, where she had wiped her other hand's slick fingers - many, many times. The framing of her artistic endeavors was centered on The Good Parts. It had developed in our written communication that at the age of twenty, I had not yet had anal sex with a woman I was dating. After this news item, the next two installments featured twice ass many pics, every one showing me exactly where her accompanying words were explaining it was I was destined to be sooner than later.

Classy girl turned out to be one of the most boring and uneventful lays I ever had. A few years later she died from an allergic reaction to a bee sting.

My downstairs neighbor showed up the day after I was released late at night with beer and pot. There were two people asleep on the living room couches and of course in the only bedroom. Within half an hour she was naked with her ass in air on the kitchen floor, hilariously with her face about a foot from the three cats' litter box. She didn't leave until just before dawn, about fifteen minutes before her boyfriend got off work.

Those apartments were probably built around the same time the ones I'm crashing at now were. The front doors all opened from interior hallways that no one ever used - we all just came in the back entryways that were closer to the parking lots. Our building had four doors - two downstairs across from each other and the same up top, separated by stairs carpeted with the ultra-thin plastic outdoor patio variety. There were very large windows facing the interior of the complex - just a sidewalk and a brick wall from our view. After our first encounter, most of our other adventures would echo off of the spacious foyer for our official entrances. By design, no inch of our chosen rendezvous point was shielded from security lights or possible view from anyone walking by or opening their door to check what any of those strange noises were after midnight or around noon. She was not the kind of girl who owned dresses - not one. Jeans and black shirts with skulls on them, much like me. She was also usually extra uncoordinated from quick power-partying and the stairs were particularly thin and hollow, resonant like drum shells in an empty warehouse. Not a sensual, cooing moaner. Slurring descriptions of exactly what she wanted where and how it was doing its demanded function, updated frequently. If it wasn't the noon to one o'clock lunchtime matinee engaged and enjoyed in haste, it was a drive-in double feature with fattening and often shiny, greasy snacks.

Three people - that we observed observing us - slowed their crossing gait from right to left in the huge windows during daylight hours. One woman carrying groceries spent a suspiciously long time collecting them after some unseen obstacle caused them to be strewn across the barren dirt between the brick wall and the concrete walkway. She was wearing a headscarf and resembled a stereotypical overbearing grandmother from a sitcom. The upstairs neighbor across the hall cautiously opened their unused entrance portal once after, I assume, seeing nothing through the peephole but still hearing unrecognizable and unexplainable muffled activity.

Another time, her boyfriend did the same. Luckily for us, their door was under the stairs from our perspective. I was sitting and she was as well, with her back to me, pushing herself forward and back. The endless sixty seconds between open and close caused her to clutch my thighs and dig her nails in sharp - only slowing slightly the speed of her pace and adding a stripper's grinding motion into my stomach. When finally he returned to whatever he was doing before, she gradually let go with her clenched claws, ultimately leaning fully back against me as if I were furniture, fingers pulling from behind her on the back of my neck. We were stuck out in the hall until just after sunup - busier than ever, being invigorated by adrenaline.

Amber's favorite band was The Crystal Method. I had lost contact with her by the time I saw them play live at what was then Sunset Station. The show wasn't sold out and it is a small venue, but she never showed. I've missed many of my favorites regrettably as well. Never again will an hourly anything prevent the essential formation of memories held dear and precious. It has been a long time since these ones were reviewed. Pardon me if I exit hastily the dialogue, I have spent recent years lonely.…)